

THE
DIVORCE:

A F A R C E.

IN TWO ACTS.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR OF
ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

DUBLIN:

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1790.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

<i>Sir Harry Trifle,</i>	- -	Mr. PALMER.
<i>Qui Tam,</i>	- - - -	Mr. PARSONS.
<i>Dennis Dogherty,</i>	- -	Mr. MOODY.
<i>Tom,</i>	- - - -	Mr. SUETT.
<i>Timothy,</i>	- - - -	Mr. PHILLIMORE.
<i>Sambo,</i>	- - - -	Mr. GRIFFITH.
<i>Servant,</i>	- - - -	Mr. HELME.

W O M E N.

<i>Lady Harriet Trifle,</i>		Miss FARREN.
<i>Mrs. Annaseed,</i>	- -	Mrs. HOPKINS.
<i>Biddy,</i>	- -	Mrs. WRIGHTEN.



PRO-

P R O L O G U E :

SPOKEN BY MR. PALMER.

Author and Actor disputing at the Door.

The AUTHOR pushes the ACTOR on the Stage.

WELL, Sir, with all my heart, since that's the case,
I must, as usual, sport this pretty face.
But, witness all, I'm thrust on here by force :
A married man, and plead for a *Divorce* !
On such a subject, how can I be witty,
There's honest Dick—he'll blab it in the city.

(*Looking into the Green Boxes.*)

Sly Rogue—he's here, and in the honey moon ;
You cannot part with Madam quite so soon.

Let me review these arbiters of wit.

(*Looking through a Glass into the Pit.*)

Not one from *Doctors Commons* in the Pit ;
Yes on yon Bench, I spy a *Civil Doctor*,
And seated on his left——behold a *Proctor* !
You're not alarm'd sure——be not, Sirs, afraid :
Poets were never hostile to your trade.
Search the records of *Doctors Commons* round,
You'll find you owe to CONGREVE many a pound.

What can this mean ? says honest Madam Drowsey,
Reading the bills, and teering on her spousey :
To night, the *Divorce*—Sweeting let us go ;
We'll never be divorc'd—say shall we ?—No

(*Husb. furly.*)

Except I find the *Captain* here again,
I know what happen'd in the garden-lane.
What happened there, my Deary, was of course,
A kiss he took—but then it was by force ;
Zounds, that's a Prologue to a new *Divorce*.

} *hush*

In higher life, where pleasure fills the dome,
How vulgar would it be to think of home :
There study lectures on a married life,
And learn to make a *Pudding*—or a *Wife*,

PROLOGUE.

Suppose the *Countess* makes a slip to night,
Two hundred Guineas set the matter right;
The fees at *Doctors Commons* duly paid,
The wife—hey—presto—'comes at once a maid;
BRESLAW, himself, must surely give up this,
He cannot conjure *MADAM* into *MISS*;
There's more said of these matters than they merit,
Trust me 'tis nothing to your folks of spi it,
'Tis jealousy disturbs the vulgar head;
You'll lose those feelings when you're better bred.

(To the Pit.

The proverb say, be merry—but be wise,
Agreed——we'll now "shoot folly as it flies,"
"And catch the manners living as they rise." }
With useful mirth instruct a rising age,
And prove the true intention of the stage;
Criticks, if this sincerely be his plan,
Support the *Poet* and applaud the *Man*.



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A C T I.

SCENE, a GARDEN.

TOM and BIDDY cross the Stage.

BIDDY (*in a Passion*)

VERY well, Sir, very well, as you have delivered the Letter from your master, I suppose you have no further business here—there is the gate open, and I have only one favour to request of you, and that is never to let me see your hideous face again.

Tom. Very well, ma'am, very well, I know what you want.

Biddy. You do.

Tom. Yes, I do—you will not consent to marry me in the common way, but you must first elope; your mind is fixed on a leap from a three pair of stairs window in the night, as if you was taken away by stealth, when you know as well as I do, Biddy, that the whole family don't care three pence, if we were both at the devil—Besides, my dovey, 'tis time enough, when people of fashion leave off the custom for their servants to take it up.

Biddy. I don't care—I will elope if I die for it—

is there an acquaintance I have in the world, but what has eloped? Not one, and were they not talk'd of all over the country?—That they were, and in the London News Papers too—There's Dicky Tooth-pick—there, there's a man of spirit for you.

Tom. Who, Dicky Tooth-pick!

Biddy. Yes, he ran away with my friend Miss Sally Snivel, out of her father's house in London, at three in the morning—Did she not jump out of a three pair of stairs window into his arms? And did she not break his collar bone with the fall?

Tom. The devil she did.

Biddy. Yes, she did—were they not taken up by the watch and carried to different prisons? Oh! what delightful difficulties they encounter'd for three months—did they not all that time correspond like Ablard and Elvela? Did they not—but no matter—I positively must elope, that's flat.

A I R.

*With consent of one's friends to the Church to be led,
And made a mere regular wife,
Is such sober stuff—One had better be dead,
———Eloping is certainly life.*

*Believe me, young man,
That, That, is the plan,
A girl of true spirit to gain;
Never whimper, or sigh,
Moan, sob, pine, and cry,
Such nonsense is labour in vain.*

*But like the Knights errant of old,
Be daring, intrepid, and bold;
Only courage, true love can inspire,
At the sound of your mistress's name,
At once set the house in a flame,
She'll fly to your arms, tho' thro' fire.*

Tom. This girl has saved some money, I must therefore have her in her own way. [Aside] Well, Biddy, to be plain with you, I was but trying your spirit,
I'm

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I'm convinced of it now, therefore have at you; twelve to night you say?

Biddy. So then you have caught my fire; you will elope!

Tom. You shall see me under your window, at twelve to night; however, Biddy you had better walk out at the street door than jump out of the window. —This collar bone business don't strike me as at all necessary.

Biddy. Oh!—positively I must jump.

Tom. Pray indulge me but this once, and after we are married, you shall jump from the top of the house if you will.

Biddy. Shall I?

Tom. Upon my soul you shall!

Biddy. Then I will humour you this once—adieu—I don't think I hate you, and yet I don't love you half so much as Elveta did Ablard.

Tom. Who the devil's this Elveta that you are making such a fuss about?

Biddy. Ah! you don't know—how should you, poor soul? Never read a book in all his life. (*aside.*) She was a great tragedy actress, and when she spoke love, she made “even butchers weep.” But then she lov'd Ablard. Oh! she lov'd him—mind me, Tom.

(*Alts*) “Bring me my Lyndamaria! you shall not kill her, oh monster hold thy hand.” (*seizes Tom:*

Tom. I wish you'd hold your's with all my soul. Damn it, you'll choak me. Well, Biddy, I give up tragedy, so adieu.

Biddy. Farewell remember twelve.

Tom. Never fear me.

A I R H.

Try me, Biddy, you shall find
Your Tom is faithful, just and kind,
Has love, my dear, in plenty;
Altho the Tom I never knew,
Yet this I say, you'll find me true,
As any Lad in twenty.

Biddy.

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BIDDY.

*Since you've consented to elope,
Indulge a something more than hope,
Good Sir, will that content ye?
If you have love, why, so have I,
You'll know it, Thomas, by and by,
Altho' I'm under twenty.*

Duett. BOTH.

*Then as earnest of bliss,
Tom. Oh! grant me a kiss; }
Biddy. I grant you a kiss. }
Tom. Thus bless'd, my fair nymph, with thy charms }
Bid. Thus blest you may banish alarms. }*

BOTH.

*To terror a Stranger,
We'll brave ev'ry danger:
'Tis love, mighty love, calls to arms.*

(Exeunt.)

SCENE II. AN ELEGANT STUDY.

Sir HARRY, discovered reading.

Sir Har. "What cloying meat is love when matrimony is the sauce to it. Two years marriage has debauched my five senses. Every thing I see, every thing I hear, every thing I smell, and every thing I taste, methinks has wife in't." If Vanburgh was living, and had made Sir John Brute a man of fashion, I never could be persuaded, but that he meant that character for me. I am married to a young lady, a fine lady, a witty lady, a virtuous lady, and yet I'm weary of her; and for Sir John's reason—because she is my wife. If any honest gentleman, who is a senator, would move for a septennial marriage act; and the legislature would take the sense of the nation upon it, I'd lay half my estate to a courtier's promise, the bill would pass nemine con. But as Falstaff says, public virtue is not now extant. Well, what's to be done? Must we be content with one another until "Death do us part," or must we by some stroke of genius break the chain and enjoy the sweets of liberty? It must be so—it shall be so. But hold, hold, Sir Harry, how,

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how, how, can this be done? Nothing so easy, by a divorce, nothing is so common; let the parties but settle the business between themselves and a fig for Doctors Commons. I have proposed it to lady Harriet, she is delighted at the scheme because it will make her the subject of universal conversation, and I am no less pleased at the prospect of future liberty. I have promised to marry her again, which I certainly shall not do, altho' I may possibly take her into keeping.—This is indeed the Ton.

* Sir HARRY.

*Our ancestors wives, so neat and so trim,
Who for prud'ry and virtue have shone,
Look'd stately, demure, starch'd, solemn and prim,
For no reason but 'cause 'twas the Ton;
The ill-temper'd sages may snarl at our crimes,
And the vice of the moderns bemoan,
But their grandams so chaste, had they lived in these times,
Wou'd have joined in the cry—Vive le Ton.*

*To the dictates of fashion all ages must yield,
All nations its influence must own,
In city, court, chamber, in church or in field,
Ev'ry mortal is govern'd by Ton;
The taste of the times ev'ry palate must hit
From the poor lowly cot to the throne,
The courtier, the lawyer, the warrior and ell,
All join in the cry—Vive le Ton.*

But she comes "o'er picturing that Venus where we
see the Fancy outwork Nature."

Enter Lady HARRIET.

Lady Har. Sir Harry, your servant, I'm glad to find you in such good spirits? what was the matter with you last night my dear? You was vastly dull, the company took notice of it.

Sir Har. Positively, Lady Harriet, you treat me cruelly, I call'd out for quarter a thousand times, yet you

* This Song is omitted in the Representation,

you poured such an incessant torrent of wit upon me, there was no standing before it. Was not this unkind, Harriet? *(taking her hand.)*

Lady Har. Well, since you throw yourself on my mercy, I will have compassion on you; do reach me a chair? I'm fatigued to death. *(they sit.)*

Sir Har. I have this moment, my dear, received a letter from old *Qui Tam*, the Attorney, he'll be here on our divorce business immediately.

Lady Har. The fellow is a shocking rogue, Sir Harry, I wonder you will employ him.

Sir Har. But he's an ingenious rogue, my love, I'll make it his interest to be honest, and by that means I can trust him.

Lady Har. Well, surely, there never was any scheme better contrived than ours; we shall be the subject of every polite circle in and about the metropolis. The plan is entirely novel—First we are to be divorced, then we are to go through a second courtship, and then, and then—we are to marry again. Indeed, Sir Harry, your abilities in this instance have charmed me.

Sir Har. *(bowing)* I am happy, Madam, you approve them.—We must do something, my dear Harriet, to distinguish ourselves, otherwise we may vegetate in the country a few years, and then depart neglected and forgotten. After our divorce, my dear, we'll be seen together in a side box—I with a face expressive of the most tender emotions—yours with apparent indifference.

Lady Har. You charm me, Sir Harry, *(they rise)* and then you must whisper thro' my side curl—These curls convey the sound to the ear, without the person who sits next being able to distinguish what is said.—It's amazing what service they are of in a play-house.

Sir Har. Really! Well, positively, Lady Harriet, I never knew the use of them before.

Lady Har. I shall be delighted, when we are at Ranelagh after our second marriage, to hear Lady Gabble chatting with her gallant, Count Spindle, What could bewitch Lady Trifle, to marry the man from

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from whom she was divorced—really, Count, the novelty of this affair recommends it—Are you acquainted with the family? Are you in the secret? The Count replies with a wink, and at the same time endeavours to look amorous—he pats him with her fan, and turning on her heel, with an elegant indifference, calls the poor old gentleman a wicked devil, ha, ha, ha!

Sir Har. Your women of wit, they say, seldom make good wives; if I obtain this divorce, I must be excused from noosing again. (aside.)

Lady Har. But really, Sir Harry, I cannot see how this divorce is to be obtained; are you acquainted with the forms necessary to be complied with on these occasions?

Sir Har. Not thoroughly, my dear, but *Qui Tam* will soon explain them: I fancy, if we do not draw the strings of our purse too tight, we shall find but little difficulty in going through the business with expedition.

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Mr *Qui Tam*, the Attorney, is below, and waits your pleasure, Sir.

Sir Har. Desire him to walk up. (Exit Servant.)
Harriet, do you retire presently, this old fellow will probably be more open when we are by ourselves.

Lady Har. Very well my dear. (Takes a Guitar.)

Enter *QUI TAM*, appears amaz'd.

T U N E.

Oh! force me not from him I love,
Oh! let these arms enfold thee;
To you I'll constant ever prove,
I live when you behold me,

Qui Tam. (aside.) Harmony is what I did not expect to find here, I must confess. Sir Harry, I am the humblest of your servants; Madam, your's truly.

Lady Har. Oh! Mr. *Qui Tam*, I am very glad to see you. (Sir Harry and Lady Harriet talk and laugh.)

Qui Tam. Damn it! they have made up matters I see.

Sir

Sir Harry. Mr. Qui Tam, sit down, I want to have some conversation with you

(*Qui Tam sits down between Sir Harry and L. Harriet.*)

I consider myself very happy that you are my neighbour, as I am always sure of having the best advice, and at the shortest notice

Qui Tam. You do me great honour, Sir Harry—That was the very saying of my old client and patron, her Ladyship's father—She is so like him, I never look in her face but I think of him: her left cheek, the tip of her nose, and both her eye-lashes, are counterparts of her honoured father's.

Lady Harriet. Oh! Lord, oh! Lord, this critical observation of your's. Mr. Qui Tam, convinces me that what I have heard respecting your gallantry, is a fact.

Qui Tam. Madam! me a gallant, Madam! ha, ha, ha! Oh! that has been over with me a long time; but the recollection of your dear father's memory always draws a tear from me, (*Weeps*) he was the best client I ever had or ever shall have—I have tried thirty causes at nisi prius, for him in one term, besides having the conduct of fourteen Chancery suits, bills of indictment and informations without number. Sir Harry, my bill came to seventy pounds, once for prosecuting a man who took away a hare-skin that was hung up in the coach-house.

Sir Harry. Indeed! he was a good client with a vengeance.

Qui Tam. He was, indeed, a valuable gentleman—If a man but peep'd through the garden gate, he'd send me instructions to prosecute him: and then, he never was the man to tax my bill—never; (*Weeps*) indeed, when he died, there was £3: 13: 4d due, but you know, Sir Harry, I never demanded it; I don't care if it remains due these three months.

Sir Harry. That's kind, indeed—I suppose, Mr. Qui Tam, you have large sums of money due to you.

Qui Tam. No, no, I have for some years, Sir Harry, made it a rule, when I undertake a cause, to receive money

money before hand—it saves a great deal of trouble both to the attorney and client.

Sir Har. (aside) A good hint for me. (Sir Harry makes signs to Lady Harriet to withdraw)

You are in the right, my good friend.

Lady Har. Sir Harry, I must take my leave, the family concerns require my inspection; Mr. Qui Tam, your servant. *[Exit Lady Har.]*

Qui Tam. Madam, your devoted—It is a great blessing, Sir Harry, to have a domestic wife; it saves a great deal of money at the year's end.

Sir Har. Very true—but now to business—I sent for you upon an affair of a melancholy nature indeed; but of great consequence to me and Lady Harriet.

Qui Tam. State the case, Sir Harry—I am all attention.

Sir Harry. Briefly thus it is—I must be divorc'd from my wife, and you must contrive to accomplish it.

Qui Tam. (Starts) You have electrified me—divorced! oh, horrible! put away your wife! and I to be concerned in it! what do you take me for, Sir Harry? *(Walks about seemingly in a passion.)*

Sir Harry. For a lawyer, a man of sense in your profession; why, Sir, it is the wish of Lady Harriet herself. Come, come, be not amaz'd, 'tis done every day you know. *(Puts a Purse in his hand.)*

Qui Tam. That's a very sensible observation, Sir Harry, I must confess, it is very often done—and the lawyer concerned, only pursues his vocation you know.

Sir Harry. Nothing more—I knew you would consider the case properly.

Qui Tam. You see, Sir Harry, how quick I am, I took it in a minute, ha, ha, ha!

Sir Harry. O yes, I see you did, ha, ha, ha! what an old rascal! *(aside.)* Besides, Mr. Qui Tam, I have the good of my country at heart in this business.

Qui Tam. The good of your country, ha, ha! no, no, no, damn it, Sir Harry, that's rather too much—no, no, I cannot swallow that for the life of me.

Sir Harry. You may laugh, Mr. Qui Tam, but it's very true for all that; I wish to promote marriages in

order to encrease population; and few people would refuse to marry, if any sensible and worthy lawyer would contrive a way to unmarry them in any reasonable time.

Qui Tam. Stop, let me see—upon my word—give me your hand, Sir Harry, upon my soul, that is a most sensible observation: What man would refuse to take a tenement, when he can give up the lease at a short notice, ha, ha, ha!

Sir Harry. Ha, ha, ha! right my friend—you conceive things so aptly—it's a pleasure to talk with you.

Qui Tam. Od's my life, it's a noble thought, we shall have no old maids in future, Sir Harry, — no virgins at sixty—no disappointed ladies who live only to breed mischief, propagate scandal, and make a provision for a favourite lap-dog.

Sir Harry. Ha, ha, ha! Well said, my friend. you know, Mr. *Qui Tam*, when old ladies conceive themselves in love, the object is generally a puppy—ha, ha, ha!

Qui Tam. Ha, ha, ha! What a damn'd scoundrel. (*Aside.*)

Sir Harry. Well, my good friend, only do you contrive a way to unmarry people, and you will have just as much business as Doctors Commons,

Qui Tam. Well, to business, to business, how soon shall we begin, Sir Harry?

Sir Harry. Immediately—we both wish it over as soon as possible.

Qui Tam. Why, then we'll begin with the action for crim. con. the first day of the next term.

Sir Harry. Crim. con.—I don't understand you.

Qui Tam. Ah! Sir Harry, be not ashamed, it has been many an honest man's case—let me know the gallant's name.—I hope he has got a good estate: the damages will do more than clear the expences of the divorce—You will not only get rid of your wife, but be money in pocket. Aye, aye—ha, ha, ha!

Sir Harry. (*In a passion*) Why, you old villainous scoundrel, do you imagine my wife has been really dishonourable?

Qui

Qui Tam. To be sure I do.

Sir Harry. Get out of my house this moment, rascal, or—

Qui Tam. Murder! are you mad—don't strike me, or expect the vengeance of the crown office.

Enter Lady HARRIET.

Lady Har. What's the matter, my dear? What's the matter?

Qui Tam. O, Lady Harriet, I'm glad you are come, you have saved my life; mercy upon us! this is a pretty way to pay a lawyer for his advice.

Sir Harry. You deserve the torture, you rascal.

Lady Har. What is the matter?

Sir Harry. That fellow, that old sheep-skin, talk'd of you, my dear Harriet, in such a manner—in short, he insinuated—
(*Whispers Lady Harriet.*)

Lady Har. Mercy on me, Mr. Qui Tam, surely you are out of your senses—Sir Harry knows I—
(*Weeps*)

Sir Harry. My dear, you distress me beyond measure, be comforted. (*Lady Harriet weeps.*) See what you have done, you wretch, but you have no feeling.

Qui Tam. (*Amazed*) It is very distressing indeed—well—I never saw a man so fond of a wife he was going to part with, in all my life before—What roguery there is in the world! (*Aside*)

Lady Har. I'd have you know Sir, we were innocently to be divorced, and that we were to marry again, the moment the public began to tire of talking of us—is not that the fact, my life?

Sir Harry. Certainly.

Qui Tam. Oh, oh! I beg ten thousand pardons, it is to be an innocent divorce, only to be talk'd of, is that all?

Sir Harry. To be sure—what other idea could you entertain?

Qui Tam. Oh, that's quite another case—an innocent divorce—ha, ha, ha, an excellent thought! an innocent divorce.

Sir Har. Retire, my life, I'll be with you presently.

Lady Har. You'll not be long, I hope—adieu.

[*Exit L. Harriet.*]

Sir Harry. I shall be miserable until I am with you.

Qui Tam. Sir Harry, you have misunderstood me—I did not mean to insinuate your Lady had dishonoured you, but that an action for crim. con. might be contriv'd, sufficient evidence given to obtain a verdict, and the lady be as innocent as when you married her.

Sir Harry. My dear *Qui Tam*, give me your hand, you are the best friend I have in the world.

Qui Tam. This fellow does not start at roguery, when it's in his own way. [*Aside.*]

Sir Harry. But, *Qui Tam*, how can this be done?

Qui Tam. I'll tell you—have you a friend you can depend on.

Sir Harry. Twenty.

Qui Tam. You are vastly fortunate in your acquaintance—Let one of them be seen in the middle of the night coming out of Lady Harriet's chamber, take particular care to chuse a fine shewy fellow—you may be in town—contrive it so, that one of the servants may see him; and the divorce will follow the verdict as naturally, as my sending in my bill after the business is completed.

Sir Harry. But then, *Qui Tam*, there will be a legal proof of her incontinence.

Qui Tam. But consider, Sir Harry, that after it is over, her Ladyship's innocence will appear, you will demonstrate it by marrying her again—and then how popular you will be—you will have the pleasure of laughing at the whole legislature, ha, ha, ha!

Sir Harry. Egad, I like this scheme—but faith, *Qui Tam*, I do not know a friend I could trust on so sacred a business—except yourself.

Qui Tam. Me, ha, ha, ha! Me be seen coming out of your Lady's chamber—Mercy upon me, the very thought throws me into an ague—indeed, Sir Harry, my appearance would nonfuit you in five minutes.

Sir

Sir Harry. Then I do not know any other gentleman whose honour I could depend upon.

Qui Tam. I have it, I have it—here it is—(pointing to his forehead.) I have at home a fine, tall, comely Irish clerk.

Sir Harry. An Irish clerk! and what then?

Qui Tam. Listen, Sir Harry—listen—I will have him drest'd like a gentleman, and he shall be seen coming out of Lady Harriet's chamber, about three in the morning—On the trial he shall appear in court, and if the jury had hardly any other sense than that of seeing you'll get a verdict.

Sir Harry. Really!—Well then, all that is necessary, is for him to be seen coming out of her room—Are you sure that will do?

Qui Tam. Am I sure! I do believe, if he was only seen knocking at the street door, it would be sufficient—Irishmen, Sir Harry, are the support of Doctors-Commons.—He is a sister's son of mine, and a pretty genius. He lived in London before he came to me, for near six months, and not one of his family could tell how.—He is the man, Sir Harry—you may depend upon his honour; he'd suffer death rather than do a mischief in the family.

Sir Harry. Oh; I make no doubt; if he travels with his honour, I am certain of being safe.

Qui Tam. You are indeed—But, gadso!—I have been long from home. I will send Dennis to you, Sir Harry, immediately; he shall wait upon you in a suit of cloaths no ambassador need be ashamed of—Oh! he's a pretty fellow, and will do any thing for an honest bit of bread.

Sir Harry. Indeed, Mr. Qui Tam, so valuable a genius ought to be preserved—I would recommend it to you, my good friend, to make him a ward of the court of Chancery.

Qui Tam. Indeed!

Sir Harry. Certainly: How do you know, but some sprightly female may run away with him? These are desperate times, Mr. Qui Tam, ha, ha, ha!

Qui Tam. So they are indeed, Sir Harry.—Foregad! the women of late are grown so damned resolute, that I fancy it would be prudent in *me* to take care of myself, ha, ha, ha!—But, Lord bless you! a court of *Equity* has nothing to do with Dennis.

Sir Harry. I believe not indeed. (*Aside.*)

Qui Tam. No, no, he's no infant—not he indeed—he jump't from infancy to manhood the twenty-first of last October.

Sir Harry. Ha, ha! I am glad to hear, Mr. *Qui Tam*, your Nephew has arrived at years of *discretion*.

Qui Tam. Discretion, quotha!—Oh he's a pattern for prudence. As to his being carried off, I am under no concern about that; she must be a thumper with a devil to it, that could run away with Dennis.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. If you are at leisure, Sir, my lady would be glad to speak with you.

Sir Harry. My best respects to lady Harriet; let her know I shall be with her presently. [*Exit Serv.*]

Qui Tam. O Lord! Sir Harry, fly to lady Harriet; she must be miserable without you. What a loving soul? Pray, Sir Harry, be gone.

Sir Harry. My worthy friend, farewell. (Damn'd Scoundrel.)

[*Aside and Exit.*]

Qui Tam. Sir Harry, I am yours—An innocent divorce! Ha, ha, ha! What a damn'd rogue it is!

[*Exit.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II.

SCENE *a Parlour.*

Enter Mrs. ANNASEED and BIDDY.

Biddy **I**NDÉED, Madam, I have told you the truth; I listened all the time; and the lawyer has contrived a way to divorce them for crim. con.

Mrs. Anna. You are a good girl, Biddy, and I will reward you. But who is this crim. con?

Biddy. Madam, he is an Irishman, and clerk to old Qui Tam the Attorney.

Mrs. Anna. Mercy on me! I never heard of such a diabolical business. What's to be done, Biddy?

Biddy. I wish I knew, Madam; I'm sure I'd tell you. Suppose, Madam, you meet this fellow; he'll be here presently; and let him know as how, Madam, you will send him to prison—frighten him, Madam,—frighten him.

Mrs. Anna. So I will, Biddy; I'll send him home with a flea in his ear, I warrant you. I expect the French gentleman every moment, Biddy, recommended by my friend, Mrs. Prattle; he is a master of all languages, and teaches people to speak French they say in a month—Shew him in the moment he comes, and pray take care, child, to behave very politely to him.

Biddy. Don't you fear me, Madam. [*Knocking without.*] I suppose, Madam, this is he.

Mrs. Anna. See Biddy;—run, run, and open the door. [*Biddy goes to the door.*]

Biddy. As sure as a gun, Madam, it's the French gentleman; I know it by his dress.

Mrs. Anna. I'll retire, Biddy, and be properly announced. Shew him in—shew him in.

[*Exit Mrs. Annafeed.*]

[*Biddy opens the door.*]

Enter

Enter DENNIS DOGHERTY (with a sword, and humming a tune.)

Dennis. Is the gentleman who belongs to this house at home?

Biddy. No, Sir; but the gentleman who this house belongs to is at home.

Dennis. Well, it's the same thing, you know.—Why, you little divil, you have a mind to be comical. Will you tell the Gentleman, that Dennis Dogherty, Esq; wants to commune with him; [*Takes out a snuff-box and handles it awkwardly*] if he's disengaged, I'll wait till he's at leisure.

Biddy. Faith a good likely fellow! (*Aside*) Who, Sir, shall I say wants him?

Dennis. Dennis Dogherty, Esquire — and harky'e my sweet crature, take this for your pains. — [*Kisses her.*]

Biddy. Lord, Sir, it's you who have a mind to be comical.

Dennis. Not at all—it's a way I have.

Biddy. I'll deliver your message, Sir. [*Exit Biddy.*]

Dennis. Oh, you're a good crature! (*Hums a tune and views himself.*) Oh, to be sure I'm not the thing.

Re-enter BIDDY.

Biddy. I forgot the name, Sir, before I got to the foot of the stairs.

Dennis. How could you help it? Dennis Dogherty Esquire—and now I'll seal it up in your mouth, and then you won't lose it. [*Kisses her.*]

Biddy. Lord, Sir, you make one so ashamed My master, Sir, is busy; but my mistress is at home—will she do, Sir?

Dennis. Will she do? Oh, to be sure she won't! Indeed she will, my pretty little crature. (*Exit Biddy*) Well to be sure, if I'm to have many of these commissions, I shall like the profession of the law of all things. I am to be seen coming out of a Lady's chamber, about three in the morning, and that's all—

Why I cannot walk out of it, without I'm once in it;
and

and I am yet to learn how I'm to get there. This uncle of mine is a great rogue—may be he wants to get my bones broke—but no matter—there is a Lady in the case, and Dennis Dogherty never flinch'd from the dear cratures. Oh, here she comes. I ought to have studied a speech for her; but as good a one may come of itself. I wish I could make as genteel a bow as I did at the ball last Tuesday, [*Endeavour's to bow with a grace.*]

Enter Mrs. ANNASEED.

Mrs. Anna. Sir, I am your most humble and most obsequious obedient servant.

Dennis. Madam, I'm your's also. I wonder what old tabby has to do in the business. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Anna. I think he's the best looking Frenchman I ever saw. [*Aside.*] Sit down, Sir—Pray, Sir, sit down.

Dennis. Sit down, Madam!—Oh, to be sure I won't—Indeed I will. [*Draws a chair.*] Sit down yourself, Madam, and I'll pop myself down by you. [*Sits.*] Dennis never was bashful on these occasions. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Anna. The French are remarkable, I'm told, for their *fummiliar* easy behaviour. [*Aside.*] My friend, Mrs. Prattle, tells me, Sir, you teach French better than any gentleman she ever saw, and I wish to learn with all convenient dispatch.

Dennis. What, Madam?

Mrs. Anna. My friend tells me, Sir, you taught her French in a month; I vow I could not have thought it.

Dennis. Why, what the devil! Does the creature take me for a *soup-maigre*? What is all this! [*aside.*] Upon my word, Madam—

Mrs. Anna. How modest he is! [*aside.*] Pray, Sir, what part of France was you born in?

Dennis. Well, to be sure this is too much! [*aside, smother's a laugh.*] What part of France? Myself can't help laughing if I was to be hang'd on the spot. [*smother's a laugh.*] What part of France?

Mrs. Anna. Yes, Sir, what part of the kingdom?

Dennis.

Dennis. Oh, yes, Madam ; yes, yes —What part of France ! Oh, I understand you, Madam. Why Madam, I was born in the town of Glassmononogue, in the province of Glassnevin.

Mrs. Anna. Glassmononogue—alas ! Sir, I can't speak French ; but I suppose you'll soon make me do it.

Dennis. The crature takes me for a French school-master, ha ! ha ! I'll humour the joke to see what will come of it. (*aside*) Oh, yes, Madam, you'll get your tongue about it by-and-by.

Mrs. Anna. With a little of your instruction, Sir, I don't despair. Pray, Sir, accept of your entrance-money. (*Gives him two guineas.*)

Dennis. Two guineas ! We'll, to be sure I'm not in luck to-day (*aside*) Suppose, Madam, I give you the first lesson now.

Mrs. Anna. With all my heart, Sir. What a good-looking foreigner he is ! (*aside.*)

Dennis. But first tell me, Madam—did you ever hear French spoke properly in all your life ?

Mrs. Anna. Me, Sir ! Lord, Sir, not I ! How cou'd I ? buried here in this hole all my life. To tell you the truth, Mr.—be so good, Sir, as to favour me with your name.

Dennis. My name, Madam !—Oh, tunder ! what shall I do now ? (*aside*) Why, Madam, my name is Mountsier Dennis Dogherty, at your service.

Mrs. Anna. Why then, Mr. Dogberry, to tell you the truth, I never heard French spoke in all my life.

Dennis. Oh, my huggintheelough !

Mrs. Anna. Huggo—What, Sir ?

Dennis. That's French, Madam, for my share of the world ! Oh, you'll be up to it in a month. Don't be afraid.

Mrs. Anna. Mr. Dogberry, pray tell me the French for How do you do ?

Dennis. I'll teach the crature Irish—She won't know the difference, ha ! ha ! (*aside.*) How do you do ? Why, Madam you must say, Goodthdemartatuth ?

Mrs.,

Mrs. Anna. Goode—ta—tu, I fancy, Sir, French is a difficult language to attain perfectly.

Dennis. Oh dear, Madam, keep up your spirits.

Mrs. Anna. I'll try, Sir.

Dennis. Then Madam, the other parson will say Slaungauramaugha oodth.

Mrs. Anna. Slanmaglagood.—Lord, Sir, that word is enough to choak one.—I don't think I shall be able to speak French these three months.

Dennis. Oh, I'll be bound you will; in a month you'll speak it as well as myself, (*aside, laugh.*) I'll be with you Madam, day and night till I complete you.

Mrs. Anna. I'm much obliged to you, good Sir, but I have certain reason for thinking that I had better decline learning French at present—our family—

(*They rise.*)

Dennis. My dear crature, I've hard—

Mrs. Anna. No doubt, all the world have heard about the curs'd lawyer's tricks, and how he has schemed: only think, Mr. Dogberry, what I must feel upon this melancholy occasion. Believe me, Sir, I intended to leave this family fifty thousand pounds at least.

Dennis. Fifty thousand pounds! O tunder! (*aside*) (*adjusts his dress, and walks up to her with an air.*) Have you got fifty thousand pounds, Madam?

Mrs. Anna. Yes, Sir: and, as I intended never to marry, the whole of my fortune would have been my nephew's, Sir Harry Trifle—but—

Dennis. But you do intend to marry I hope? I applaud your determination, Madam; you'd then have some sweet little cratures of your own to provide for—Well said, Dennis. (*aside.*)

Mrs. Anna. You flatter me, Mr. Dogberry—He is certainly a modest, sensible man. (*aside.*)

Dennis. The crature looks tinder—Fifty thousand pounds! Courage, Dennis. (*aside*) [*Goes up to her with great solemnity.*] I wish I knew how to do or say any thing that would oblige you, Madam; you need only say, Dennis, do so, and I would do it in a crack.

Mrs.

Mrs. Anna. How polite the French are! (*aside.*)

Dennis. She's tinder-hearted, I see. (*aside.*) I think, Madam, you was talking just now about marriage (*Takes her hand, and looks tenderly.*)

Mrs. Anna. Was I? And what then, Sir?

Dennis. Why, Madam—nothing at all. (*Pretends to weep.*) I wish I could cry. (*Aside.*)

Mrs. Anna. Tears! What can this mean? I must pity him. (*Aside.*) Sir, Mr. Dennis Dogberry!

Dennis. Oh, Mrs. Annaseed, you have murdered me!

Mrs. Anna. Murder you, Mr. Dogberry? Mercy upon me! I murder you—how—where—when?

Dennis. Madam, don't axe me—But, in a word, will you take Denis Dogherty for life? Say no, and you shall see me this moment paspire at your feet.

Mrs. Anna. Heaven forbid! Stop, stop, Mr. Dogberry; don't faint until I come: I'll run for the hartshorn.

Dennis. Oh, Madam, don't plague yourself; it will be all over with me in a few moments.

Mrs. Anna. Oh, mercy upon me. (*Runs off*)

Dennis. Well, to be sure I'm a divil of a Dennis, ha, ha, ha! I kill the cratures before they know what's the matter with them, ha, ha! But where's the chicken gone to? No matter: if she's in Europe, I'll find her out. Fifty thousand pounds, O tunder! [*Exit.*]

SCENE, Lady HARRIET's Dressing-Room.

Sir HARRY and Lady HARRIET discovered, in an indolent Posture, sitting on a Sopha, with several News Papers before them.

Sir Harry. My dear Harriet.

Lady Har. What say you, Sir Harry?

Sir Harry. This breathing in the country, for we cannot call it living, is intolerable. Oh, London, London! Dear, dear London!

Lady Har. For shame, Sir Harry; cannot you enjoy the pastoral but in poetry? How often have I heard you dwell with raptures on the manners of the Golden

den Age, and sigh for a Cottage on the bewitching plains of Arcadia ! A flock of sheep, your pipe, and your Phillis, were your constant themes.

Sir Har. The Golden Age, my dear Harriet, was a valuable æra, it is true ; and it must be confessed we have degenerated into a——

Lady Har. A brazen age—you were going to say, I suppose ; ha, ha !

Sir Har. You have hit it, my dear Harriet. Pastoral life is agreeable in fancy, and the Poets have so heightened the scene, that sometimes one would be led to prefer the cloathing of our first parents, to the elegant decorations of a Parisian taylor ; but, alas ! how little did Theocritus know of Grosvenor-square, or Tasso the bewitching circle of Drury-lane Theatre !

Lady Har. (*Takes up a news paper, and looks over it carelessly.*) Indeed, Sir Harry, if it were not for the news-papers, there would be no such thing as bearing this rurality, as my Aunt calls it—The theatres have opened, I see.

Sir Har. (*Reads a paper.*) Oh yes, some time. I always pass over the battles, sieges, political speculations, parliamentary debates, and such nonsense, in order to get at Theatrical intelligence.

Lady Har. I hav'nt found an elopement for some time : one would imagine the times were mended.—I suppose, when our Divorce comes on, we shall have it handsomely in the papers.

Sir Harry. Most certainly ; our manœuvre will furnish a quantity of matter for the whole nest of paragraphical spiders ; the theme is prolific, and they'll spin you a column a day for six weeks together : a Dutchman could not fail of being witty on such a subject.

Lady Har. Ha, ha, ha ! Well, I shall be delighted to read them ; there's something extremely pleasant, Sir Harry, to see one's self in print, ha, ha !

Sir Harry. (*Looking over the papers.*) What a cursed heap of stuff is here ! Three columns crammed with intelligence from Guildhall—a city feast—and trials at

the Old Bailey! (*Throws the paper away in a passion, they rise.*) Dulness is infectious, and we may catch the distemper.—Let us have some music, my dear Harriet—sing me the last new song—the one I mean, set by Crotchet, about your lover straying:—You know what I mean.

Lady Har. What! the one beginning with—"Ye gentle strains?"

Sir Harry. The same.—Damn it, I shall turn fool and get fond of my wife. I must take care of that. (*Aside.*)

Lady Har. Well, since you will have it so.

S O N G.

*Come, gentle strains, to me impart
A kind relief from cruel love;
Ah! softly steal upon the heart,
And fill my soul with thoughts above.*

II.

*The swain I love is gone astray,
Careless he roves the valley free;
With other nymphs he spends the day,
But never, never thinks of me.*

III.

*His vows were constancy and truth,
As oft we stray'd thro' yonder grove;—
I'll banish quite the perjurd youth—
And yet, alas! I fear I love.*

Enter BIDDY.

Biddy. Madam, supper is on the table!

Sir Harry. (*handing out Lady Harriet.*) Come, Harriet let us beguile the time. (*Sings as they retire.*)

Lady HARRIET.

"Thou'rt still the object of my heart,

"Think what thou wilt of me, Harry."

[*Exeunt.*]

Biddy. Well, how polite my master is!—Lord! people part now without cutting one another's throats.

"Let

"Let us disguise the time."—(*Imitates him.*) Dear me! how charmingly things are changed!

S O N G.

Good Lord, how the seasons are vary'd!

I've heard of the time

When 'twas reckon'd a crime

To part with the wife

That was wedded for life;

But now, when a couple are marry'd,

They're so mighty well bred,

That they lounge to their bed,

For each other not caring a feather;

For one night they lay,

Both wishing for day,

And repenting they e'er came together.

II.

Then next morn they no longer can tarry;

And, tho' fond they appear,

With, My Love, and My Dear,

Yet, their friends being gone,

The fond pair left alone,

Says, Sir George, Madam, by the lord Harry,

I single must lie,

Or, foregad! I shall die;

Says my lady, I care not a feather.—

Next comes the Divorce,

As a matter of course;

Thus they scarce live a fortnight together;

[*Exit.*]

SCENE, a Hall.

Enter TOM meeting BIDDY.

Biddy. Tom, oh, Tom! you are the very man I wanted.

Tom. I always thought so—But what's the matter?

Biddy. What's the matter! why, do you know, Tom, that old Madam Annaseed, is going to run away with a Frenchman!

Tom. A Frenchman!

Biddy. I wish I may die an old maid but it's true ! He came here this precious day, dressed in a kind of a—I don't know what—such a figure ! Mercy upon me !

Tom. A Frenchman ! Why, Biddy, my love, that's our Dennis ; he was sent here by my master, on law business, and I'm sent to know what keeps him.

Biddy. Well, hang me, Tom, but I thought he was an Irishman—he was so devilish fond of kissing a body.

Tom. Biddy, Biddy ! you have bother'd me, as Dennis says.

Biddy. They have retired to a room next the terrace : I followed them, and put my ear close to the key-hole ; and would you believe it ? I heard them agree to elope this very night. She's to be in the temple, at the bottom of the garden, about ten o'clock, for the purpose.

Tom. Why then I'll personate this Irishman, and run away with Madam Annaseed. Do you meet Dennis with a mask, and elope ; in the hurry he will not discover the mistake ; however, it will remove him from the garden, and complete the business.

Biddy. Oh, Tom, Tom ! until this moment I thought you was a blockhead—About it, about it—“ My soul's in arms, and eager for the prey.”

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE, *the garden, by moon-light.*

Enter DENNIS, singing.

Dennis How pretty Luna the moon shines upon me ! He knows I'm in pursuit of fifty thousand pounds, and like a good natured friend, holds a lanthorn to me. What a sweet thought that is ! I do believe, Dennis, you was born a poet ; there is not a tree, nor a bush, nor a pigstye that comes across me, but what my ideas are all at work.—Well, to be sure, Dennis, the Divil is in you. But why can't you be asy, and let the dear cratures be happy ? no you won't, no you won't. Well, I am a wicked divil, and that's the

the truth on't—But here's the temple where my goddess dwells; I'll axe whether she's at home or not? [*Knocks at the Temple, and Mrs. ANNASSED comes out muffled*]

Mrs. Anna. Let us begone, Mr. Dogberry, let us begone.

Dennis. Stop, my dear crature; have you brought away the cash with you?

Mrs. Anna. Yes, yes—I've taken care of that—I'll put all my affairs into your hands.

Dennis. Oh! to be sure I won't take care of them; let us run as if the devil was in us. [*Exeunt*]

Enter TOM (disguised.)

Tom. If this witch of Endor be punctual to her time, I can tell my own fortune without troubling her to do it—Oh! here she comes.

Enter BIDDY (disguised.)

Biddy. Mr. Dennis, Mr. Dennis, I'm all over of a tremble.

Tom. (*Imitating the brogue.*) Here I am body and soul of me.

Biddy. Where shall we fly, Mr. Doggery; where shall we fly?

Tom. Fly into these arms, my dear crature. (*They discover each other.*)

Biddy. The devil! Tom—oh, distraction!

Tom. Biddy! oh, damnation! we're undone.

Biddy. You blundering blockhead! here now, you would have run away with me; if I had not at the first touch discovered you was not the Irishman.

Tom. Here's a trick, Biddy. I suppose he has eloped with the old devil—aye—there's the temple open!

Biddy. Let us alarm the family; my conscience will not permit me to see the family-fortune given away in such a manner.

Tom. That's right, Biddy—my conscience is on the rack too. And yet, Biddy, stop a moment; let me have one kiss by moonlight.

Biddy. The fellow's mad—Fire! Murder! Robbery!

Tom. Ravishment! Thunder! Fire!

[*Exeunt Tom and Biddy.*]

SCENE the last. *Qui Tam's House.*

Enter QUI TAM and TIMOTHY.

Qui Tam. Well, Timothy; have you sent the execution into the parson's house?

Tim. Yes, Sir.

Qui Tam. That's a good lad—has the Sheriff sold the goods?

Tim. No, Sir.

Qui Tam. What's the reason?

Tim. He says he will not levy until the return of the writ; and then, if the poor parson cannot discharge the debt, he will.

Qui Tam. I don't care who pays it, so I get the debt and costs. Mr. Worthy is no more fit to be a Sheriff than I to be a Cardinal.

Tim. Sir Harry Trifle's Black is below, Sir, and wants to speak to you.

Qui Tam. Shew him up.

[*Exit Tim.*]

Re-enter TIMOTHY and a BLACK.

Ah, Sambo, how do you do?

Sambo. Pretty well, I thank you, Massa—me want a little of your advice, Massa.

Qui Tam. You! what advice can you want, Sambo?

Sambo. Why, Massa, me want to be divorced.

Qui Tam. Divorced!

Sambo. Yes, Massa—me want to marry a pretty white woman.

Qui Tam. You do? Timothy, hand me my cane—I'll break this scoundrel's sooty noddle for him.

Sambo. Pretty white woman, Massa—and here, I have brought you my year's wages—ten guineas. [*Gives him a purse.*]

Qui Tam. Here, Timothy; you may lay by the cane.—So then, Sambo, you want to be in the fashionable world, I see?

Sambo.

Sambo. Oh, yes, Massa, I should like to be a Man of Fashion, of all things.

Qui Tam. Well, well, I'll look into the Black Act, and see what can be done for you.

Sambo. Tank'e, Massa; (*going*) how long do you tink, Massa, it will be, before I can turn away my old wife?

Qui Tam. Call in a week, Sambo, and I'll tell you.
—Timothy, shew the black gentleman down stairs.

(*Exeunt Timothy and Sambo.*)

Let me see—what says the law upon this occasion?—If a woman commits adultery, she shall be put away from her husband—True—but if a black woman commits adultery, shall she be parted from her husband? Why not? A woman's a woman—black or not black—Yes, yes, that's certain—but blacks in this country have no money, and there's no being divorced without money—What can this fellow be about? This is not the night fix'd for the business—he has got, I suppose with some of his dear cratures, as he calls them.

Enter DENNIS (Tipsey.)

Dennis. Servant, old Jontleman—To be sure I hav'n't the crature below stairs. (*aside.*)

Qui Tam. What kept you, rascal! did not I command you to return two hours ago?

Dennis. Ha k ye, sirrah—they say you are my uncle: I don't think so—It's fashionable to deny one's relations, when we get a good fortune. I've got a little sup in my noddle, but no matter for that. (*aside.*)

Qui Tam. The fellow is drunk—I tell you, scoundrel, I'll have you put in the stocks to-morrow morning.

Dennis. Ha, ha, ha! Oh, you old blockhead, I'm there already, ha, ha! I've got fifty thousand pounds there fast enough, ha, ha!

Qui Tam. This fellow's *non compos*—you shall be sent to Bedlam, sirrah.

Dennis. I'll surprize this old rascal—Hark ye! if you'll promise not to jump out of your old skin for joy, I'll tell you some good news.

Qui Tam. What the devil is the fellow about now?

Dennis. Don't be foolish, but listen to Dennis Dogherty—*(whispers)* I have run away with old Mouser from Sir Harry Trifle's.

Qui Tam. Old Mouser!

Dennis. Yes, the old aunt who has got her trashbag full of bank notes.

Qui Tam. What! old Madam Annafeed?

Dennis. The same—she's now below in the kitchen, drying herself—the creature's rather dirty after the walk; but I have done the thing clane enough, for all that, ha, ha!

Qui Tam. Marry her, Dennis, instantly.

Dennis. Ha, ha! Oh, you old blockhead, it's done already. I call'd in my way for the purpose, ha, ha!

Qui Tam. Lal de ral, lal de ral, my dear nephew, *(embraces him)* lal de ral. Oh! I shall run distracted!

Dennis. Yes; I knew I'd bother you.

Qui Tam. Bother me! you have indeed, Dennis!

Dennis. Don't call me Dennis, I bid you.

Qui Tam. I'll call you whatever you please—You shall be Lord Dogherty—Damme, you shall be Pope if you will—you have more money than the whole Conclave.

Dennis. Ha, ha! Good again, old codger! ha, ha! Well, to be sure I'd make a divil of a Pope, ha, ha! To see me handing out my great toe to all my old acquaintance, ha, ha! But what would I do with the dear creatures? Tell me that.

Qui Tam. Oh, Dennis, Dennis, I shall run mad with joy—What noise is that? *(Loud knocking;*

Enter Mrs. ANNASEED.

Mrs. Anna. Save me, Mr. Dogberry; you are my protector now.

Dennis. My life's joy, don't shake so;—put yourself under my wings.

Enter SIR HARRY and LADY HARRIET.

Sir Har. Oh, here is the good uncle and the hopeful nephew in deep consultation. Give up my aunt this moment, or I'll set fire to this diabolical sty, you old rascal—you have contrived this.

Qui Tam. Lord have mercy upon me! what! are you come to murder me in my own house?

Dennis. Hark'ye, Mr. Sir Harry Trifle! don't disturb the pace of an honest family, or—(*points to his sword.*) Know all men by these presents, that this Lady is now my wife.

Mrs. Anna. Yes, I own it;—I am now Mrs. Dogberry—My dear, speak my name for me.

Dennis. Her name's Dogherty (*Very loud*) There's nothing trifling about that, Sir Harry.

Mrs. Anna. No more of your grinning, Madam; I did not marry for a name, but a husband—and it's with pleasure I confess that I was struck at first sight with the genteelness and graceful manner of this dear deluder. (*all laugh.*)

Lady Har. Ha, ha, ha!—A dear deluder!—Mercy upon me! ha, ha!

Dennis. Don't mind them, Mrs. Dogherty; they are only envious of your good fortune.

Mrs. Anna. So they are, my life! But don't think, because my husband's a French gentleman, you shall impose upon him. (*All laugh.*)

Sir Hur. A French Gentleman! ha, ha!—A bog-trotter, ha, ha!

Qui Tam. A Frenchman! Dennis Dogherty a Frenchman! ha, ha!

Lady Har. The name's Gothic, it must be confessed, ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. Anna. O Lord, I'm all of a tremble. Mr. Dogberry, are you not a French gentleman? Was you not born in Glassimonanogue?

Dennis. Indeed and I was—but we had better say no more on that subject. What the devil signifies where a man was born, you know?

Mrs. Anna. Very true, my life!

Dennis. My country is no disgrace to me, and you shall find I'll be no disgrace to my country.—So let us leave them to their laughs and their sneers. We have got the fortune, my dear crature, and in my opinion that's the best part of the joke.

Mrs.

Mrs. Anna. You are right, Mr. Dogberry; let us retire, and leave them to themselves. (*Dennis takes her by the hand.*)

Dennis. Mr. Sir Harry Trifle, I am your most obsequious. (*Bows.*) Madam, your's also, (*Bows.*) and if you behave properly, I don't know but what we may condescend to pass a month with you.

Qui Tam. What an air of dignity my nephew has! Don't be out of humour, Sir Harry, I have another clerk at your service—I make no doubt—

Sir Harry. Get out of my sight this moment! thou—And as to you, Sir, I never desire to see your face again.

Dennis. Upon my soul, Sir Harry, I shall be perfectly at ease if I never see your countenance again. [*Goes up with solemnity.*] But remember, Sir, it was at your express desire I visited your family—think of that; and avoid blushing if you can. As to you, Madam, be assured the accident that made my fortune saved you from ruin.

Sir Harry. Do you hear that, Lady Harriet?

Lady Har. Do you hear that, Sir Harry?

Sir Harry. I do, and am indeed confounded: but come, Harriet, the folly of this adventure may prove a useful lesson—We have both been much to blame, and this unlucky marriage of my aun'ts, may be fairly considered a just correction for our imprudence. Let us therefore return home, and learn to pass our future days in conjugal felicity.

Lady Har. With all my heart.

Sir Harry. Order the coach—but first, let us bid our best friends good-night. [*Exeunt.*]

T H E E N D.



EPI

EPILOGUE:

SPOKEN BY MISS FARREN.

Lady TRIFLE, *with Thomson's Seasons in her hand.*

MY Spouse, poor man, has bid you all good night,
Has had the last word—Ladies, is that right?
Tho' for a spouse our liberties we barter,]

In this we still preserve the Female Charter.
Shall we resign what our Great Grandames gave,
A right they gain'd—supported to the grave?
I say, no, no,—and I'll produce my reasons—
But soft—What says the author of the Seasons?

But happy they, the happiest of their kind,
Whom gentle Stars unite, and in one mind
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend,
The faithful Wife, the Husband, and the Friend,
The Gods cement their union from above,
Attuning all their passions into Love:
No jealous, sordid passions they endure;
Love answers love, and renders bliss secure.
Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
To bless himself, ah! never feels content,
From sordid parents buy the loathing Fair,
Well merited consume his nights in care,
While those whom Love cements ne'er shed a tear,
But free as nature live, disdaining fear;
Survey the mind, or mind-illumin'd face;
See goodness, honour, harmony and grace.
Whatever fair high fancy forms be given,
The richest bounties of indulgent heaven:
A smiling offspring soon increase their joys;
“The Mother views the Father in her boys.”
The Sire enraptur'd with the Mother's bliss,
Sends Fanny, as his proxy, with a kiss.
Then infant Reason grows—and seems to ask
A parent's tender care—Delightful task!

To

To rear the tender thought, and from the root
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction, and to rest
The generous purpose in the glowing breast;
Such joys as these are sanction'd from above;
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love.

Thus sung the Bard, immortal Thomson sung;
"These truths divine came mended from his tongue."
Convinc'd by him, now reason holds her sway,
And guides my wand'ring thoughts the proper way.
Ladies, your pardon: trust me, I'll be true;
I'll be what Thomson sung—I'll copy you.

F I N I S.



